

From Carleton, Neb.

This is my first letter I have written for the EVANGELIST. I go to Sunday-school. I like to go to Sunday-school. I have not missed one Sunday this year yet. I am nine years old. This is a beautiful spring day. I like the letters in the EVANGELIST that the children write. We have just organized a King's Children a few weeks ago. We had a good meeting last night. We have sixty-three members. Our minister gave us our badges. I want to ask a question. Which disciple was stoned to death? I will close. Yours truly,
March 25. HARRY KLEPPINGER.

From Homerville, O.

This is my second attempt to write for the children's page. I am a little boy nine years old. I go to school. Our school has closed. It closed Feb. 22. It rained and snowed to-day. I like to read the children's letters. I hope all of the letters will be printed. The children's letters are very nice to read. I will try to answer Maggie Shaffer's question. Jehovah is found four times in the Bible. Jehovah Jireh is found once, Jehovah Missi is found once, Jehovah Sharom is found once. I will close for this time, hoping to see this in print. Good-bye, Your friend,
LEROY MCCOY.

NO MONEY IN IT.

The following anecdote, from *The Household*, puts in a shrewd way a much-needed lesson. The unselfish house mother, however, cares little whether "there's money in it" or not; what she wants is loving appreciation.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them off to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said: "Mother? Why, she doesn't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes! For us she does; but there's no money in it."

A STRAIGHT line is the shortest in morals as in mathematics.

RUM IN AFRICA.

Not long ago a white-ribbon sister told us that her daughter—a missionary in Africa—in her last letter, said that as she looked from her window while writing she saw nine men lying upon the street dead drunk from New England rum. She had inclosed ten dollars in the letter, saying: "Mother, use it in missionary work at home—you need it more than we." Was she not right?

Why, if rum could have been kept from the Congo we should long ago have witnessed there the mighty phenomenon of a nation born to God in a day. What more pathetic thing in the annals of history than the letter which reached Bishop Crowther from one of the most powerful emirs in the west of Africa, in which he besought him to intercede with the great home government that *barasa* (drink) might be kept from his people?—*Union Signal*.

SEIZING OPPORTUNITIES.

A lady once writing to a young man in the navy, who was almost a stranger, thought, "Shall I close this as anybody would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" and lifting up her heart for a moment she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the words, "Here we have no continuing city," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come." Tremblingly she folded it and sent it off.

Back came the answer, "Thank you so much for those kind words. I am an orphan and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died, long years ago." The arrow, shot at venture, hit home, and the young man shortly rejoiced in the fullness of the Gospel of peace.

How often do we as Christians close a letter to those we know have no hope "as anybody would," when we might say a word for Jesus? Shall we not embrace each opportunity in the future?

"ME NOT GO."

An English lady missionary tells the following story of some little Chinese scholars in her mission school:

"A class of small children were reciting the lesson. The youngest of them had, by hard study, kept his place at the head so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. One day he missed a word, which was spelled correctly by the boy standing next to him; yet he made no move toward the first place, saying, 'No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart solly.'

"That little act meant self-denial, yet it was done so kindly that from several lips came the quick remark, 'He do all the same as Jesus' Golden Rule.'"

Matrimonial.

MEYERS—MENGENS.—On Sunday morning, March 17, 1895, by the undersigned, brother Franklin H. Meyers and sister Lizzie Menges both of Berlin, Pa. This was a special interesting union to the Berlin Sunday-school as the groom is our superintendent and the bride our secretary. We join with their many friends in wishing them much joy and happiness in their new relation.

JOHN H. KNEPPER.

WEEKS—KESTER.—March 24, 1895, at the residence of the officiating minister, North Manchester, Ind., Mr. Guy M. Weeks and Miss Laura E. Kester, all of North Manchester, Ind.

WM. M. SUMMERS.

RIDENOUR—BIRD.—March 10, '95, at the residence of the undersigned, at Clifton Mills, W. Va., Mr. David A. Ridenour and Miss Alice Bird. Both are members of the Brethren church. Ceremony by the writer.

S. W. WILT.

Our Dead.

TUTTLE.—Sophia Tuttle was born Feb. 20, 1813, died March 18, 1895, aged 82 years and 26 days. Funeral services were conducted by the writer. Text: Luke 8:52. "Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth." She was a member of the Baptist church.

S. W. WILT.

HUFFMAN.—January 14, 1895, North Manchester, Ind., Blanche E., daughter of George and Sarah E. Huffman, aged 5 years, 4 months and 16 days. Funeral services were held in the Doggertown G. B. church.

WM. M. SUMMERS.

McCLAIN.—Arthur Stanley McClain was born A. D., August 11, 1890. Departed this life A. D. March 9, 1895, aged 4 years, 4 months and 28 days.

Rest sweet darling boy.

W. S. and M. G. McCLAIN.

March 10.

In your religious life do not imitate the old lady who, seeing the sign, "Not Safe," on a bridge she had just crossed, turned about and recrossed to the side from which she originally came; but rather thank God for deliverance, and go forward. Do not stand and try to realize the temptation escaped until you find yourself again in its power.